

Love's Shadows

By GRAHAM LINGFIELD

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When the barriers are broken down and we see ourselves as we really are, it is sometimes a humiliating spectacle. This had happened to the masterful man. For years Henry Travers had regarded himself as the hard, cold, analytical business man to whom the sentimental side of life did not appeal. This morning in his private office he was facing bare facts.

Arriving at his office and crossing to hang up his coat—a spot from which a corner of the outer office could be glimpsed—he had seen a sight that had thrown down the barriers of his self-deception and shown him an uncompromising truth. It was nothing but a triviality, perhaps, but it was sufficient to make clear to him more than he wanted to know.

Presently he rang the bell and his private secretary stood before him. He did not speak at first, but sat at his desk moving the different objects from place to place. At last he looked up. "Miss Deane," he said, "I wish to speak with all restraint and deference, but I must be frank. This morning, by a mere coincidence, I happened to see something take place between you and our Mr. Halliday on which only one construction can be put—that you are engaged to him. Of course, that is no concern of mine; but you must realize that during office hours such a con-



He Did Not Speak at First.

tion of affairs cannot exist. We are here for business, pure and simple." He regarded the girl with stern eyes. "For the general efficiency and discipline of the office," he went on, "kindly see that it does not occur again." He bowed in a grandiose manner to indicate that the interview was at an end and bent over his desk. That matter was disposed of.

The color rose to the face of the girl, and for a moment her eyes regarded him dumfounded, then without a word she turned and left the room.

Alone in his office Henry Travers tried to concentrate his mind on the business in hand. But he felt strangely disturbed. The little incident that had just occurred insisted on occupying his thoughts, try as he might to put it from him.

He was not sure that he had acted rightly. He realized, too, that he had spoken harshly, when he had meant only to be emphatic; where coldness and indifference were intended the tabor of passion had crept into his tones.

In the six months he had been manager of the Worthwhile Glove Company he had always found Julia Deane a loyal and dependable lieutenant. He had come to rely on her more than he had hitherto realized. And the quiet, self-assured manner with which she carried out her duties had made a powerful impression on his business sense.

But there had been no other feeling for her. In all his years he had never allowed any lesser consideration to blind the vision of his mental activities.

Now, like a distorting mirror, flashed before his eyes, he saw and recognized the leering face of jealousy and the canker had entered his being. Gladly would he have fired Halliday, but he could not sink to the humiliation of letting his personal feelings overcome his common sense.

As he sat at his desk, vainly trying to concentrate on material things, a knock came at the door. He looked up. The very man who was occupying his thoughts was standing there. As he advanced Travers noticed the look of boyish gladness on his face, of triumph in his eyes.

The older man steeled himself to meet young Halliday. It had been a rule of the office for many years that employees should notify the chief in the event of an approaching marriage. A tradition duly observed. There could be but one reason, then, for that look of supreme happiness on Halliday's face.

"The time has come," said the younger man drawing himself up at the desk, "when in accordance with custom I have a notification to make." He hes-

itated. Travers nodded. Mechanically he reached out and shook the other's hands.

"Congratulations, Halliday," he said. "I suppose now you and Miss Deane—"

"He looks off." "Well, one man's loss is another man's gain. I shall be losing the best secretary I ever had." He dropped his eyes from the young man's face. Halliday stared at him, mystified.

"Why, what's the big idea, Mr. Travers? You won't be losing her through me."

"But I—I understood you were betrothed," stammered the manager.

"Say, Mr. Travers, what do you take me for—a polygamist?" laughed Halliday.

Travers looked at him sternly. He resented the flippant tone in the words. "I take you for nothing but an honorable man, Mr. Halliday. With your salary, I presume you will not expect your wife to work?"

"I hope not, indeed," responded the younger man, "but in any case, sir, I don't think it is likely to affect you. I came to inform you that yesterday I married Miss Julia Deane's sister."

With a very heartfelt handshake, which caused the young benedict to wonder at its intensity, Travers wished his junior the best of luck and sincerest congratulations. "I hope you may be very happy with Julia Deane's sister," he said, smiling.

It was late in the afternoon that Henry Travers called his secretary to take dictation. No mention was made on either part of the incident of the morning. When the last letter had been taken down the girl rose to her feet. The feeling of restraint that had been felt all along was now raised to a vibrant pitch.

The full evening was blurring into faint outlines the familiar objects about the room. As the secretary moved across to the door without turning her head, she asked a question. "Shall I put on the light?" Travers, standing at his desk, idly fingering some papers, answered "Yes." Then hastily correcting himself, cried "No, no." He crossed the room in a couple of strides and faced the girl.

"Julia," he cried, and an echo of the masterfulness that had so fallen from him during the day had come back to him. But the girl did not seem to heed him. She stood waiting her eyes cast downward to the floor.

"Julia," he said again, and vibrant pleading was in his voice. He saw a white hand flutter upward in the vague dimness and press against her heart. He threw out his hands in self-exultation.

"How could I tell I loved you," he cried, "until I saw that kiss this morning—in the outer office. Knowledge comes with suffering—and I suffered then." He took a step toward her. She did not move. Reverently he put his arms about the yielding figure, and as the night dropped its soft folds around them he bent his head and put his lips to those upheld to him.

KEEN ON FAMILY TRADITION

Mothers Usually Impress Offspring With the Glories of Her Side of the House.

No matter how masterful the husband may be; and no matter how what high estate he came, nor how unordained his wife may appear, he sure that the wife always compares her family to his, and hers always shines by comparison.

Through the generations the mothers have taken this subtle revenge on man.

Though they lost their family name, still they kept in their hearts a conviction of the high estate of their house.

And to their children they imparted reverence for the glories of the mother's tribe.

It is a ten-to-one chance that your maternal grandmother either in person or by tradition, meant more to you as a child than your paternal grandmother.

Most of us know mighty little about our father's folks; about their family glories and achievements.

But we know what our maternal great-grandmother did.

You will note that the Daughters of the American Revolution are as potent an organization today as they were a generation ago, says Omaha News. Sons of the American Revolution are seldom heard of.

If it depended on dad to uphold family tradition he probably would dwell as much on his great-uncle, who was hanged by the neck until dead, as on his great-great-grandfather, who was a governor.

New Zealand's Pest, the Kea.

New Zealand farmers have started a crusade against the kea. The bird threatens to kill off thousands of sheep and ruin the country's industry. The kea is a kind of parrot, smaller than the rook, and has an immensely strong beak and claws. Forty years ago there were very few kea parrots in New Zealand, but they are now the commonest birds in the islands. The kea attacks sheep day and night. It strikes the sheep on the head, tears open the body with its claws, and gorges on the warm flesh. Hundreds of these marauders have been killed, but, in spite of this, seem to thrive. The curious thing is that the male bird can not be distinguished from the hen, and no nest has ever been found. No one is able to say where the bird breeds and when, and young birds are never seen.

The Hamless Sandwich.

One of the easiest things to do in this world is to put pickle and mustard between two slices of bread and call it a ham sandwich.—Houston Post.

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